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to secure them from the weather, they cover them with a tuft of straw as we do. Along each of those sticks, the bees fasten their combs; so that a comb may be taken out whole, without the least bruising, and with the greatest ease imaginable. To increase them in spring time, that is in March or April, until the beginning of May, they divide them; first separating the sticks, on which the combs and bees are fastened, from one another with a knife; so taking out the first comb and bees together, on each side, they put them into another basket, in the same order as they were taken out, until they have equally divided them. After this, when they are both again accommodated with sticks and plaister, they set the new basket in the place of the old one, and the old one in some new place. And all this they do in the middle of the day, at such time as the greatest part of the bees are abroad; who at their coming home, without much difficulty, by this means divide themselves equally. This device hinders them from swarming, and flying away. In August they take out their honey; which they do in the day time also, while they are abroad; the bees being thereby, they say, disturbed least. At which time they take out the combs laden with honey, as before; that is beginning at each outside, and so taking away, until they have left only such a quantity of combs in the middle, as they judge will be sufficient to maintain the bees in winter; sweeping those bees that are on the combs they take out, into the basket again, and again covering it with new sticks and plaister. All that I doubt concerning the practice of this in England, is, that perhaps they may gather a less quantity of honey; and that should they take the like quantity of honey from the bees in England, they would not leave enough to preserve them in winter. But this hinders not much: for by being less covetous, and not taking so much honey from the poor bees, the great increase and multiplying of them would soon equalize, and far exceed the little profit we make by destroying of them. This is done without smoak; wherefore the ancients call this honey, unsmoaken honey: and I believe the smoak of sulphur, which we use, takes away very much of the fragrancy of the wax; and sure I am, the honey can receive neither good taste, nor good smell from it."

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SAINCLAIR,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

ALWAYS lectures, exclaimed young Sainclair with some asperity; always poetry and music; always learned dissertations, and never a moment of conversation. Yes, my dear Duval, my patience is exhausted; I can no longer support it! "What" replied Duval, "you, who have made such progress in your studies, and who have always shewn so much taste for the fine arts, how is it, that you know not how to appreciate the happiness of belonging to a family so distinguished by wit and talents?"

Well, my friend, the whole city of Toulouse cannot furnish another house, the interior of which is more mortally wearisome, than this. "How? You astonish me, you know, when we were at college, we had very different opinions on this; you incessantly observed, how fortunate it was for an orphan to have the Baron D'Elbach for an uncle and guardian."

I love and revere my uncle, and I would not speak of my little uneasinesses, but to the companion of my infancy and youth, and my best friend Even during our long separation, I did not think myself at liberty to mention a word of them in any of my letters; so that what I tell you is rather a confession extorted by you, than a confidence voluntarily reposed in you. "But are you in love with your cousin? This match would be so suitable, and your uncle is desirous of it"—Most certainly, at bottom I have a liking for Clementina. "She is really charming"—Yes, for strangers. "How?"—My friend, she has a brilliant character to support in this city, she thinks of nothing, but how to exalt it: if you knew, how insupportable this ambition ren-

ders a female in the interior of a family! For example, she charms you in a concert, when she sings and plays on the piano; you then enjoy the fruit of the labour, and I have borne all the tiresomeness of the study. I have heard her, for whole days, decypher and scribble over, and repeat without end the air, which ravishes you. Besides, my friend, here no one *converses;* we study, we give dissertations, we recite.—"But Clementina's brother, your cousin Ovid is so good a lad."—Yes, thank heaven, he does not understand so much as the measure of a verse, notwithstanding the famous name, he received at his birth, but they have made a botanist of him; he is, besides, the most merciless player on the violin! and we lie in the same room.

Figure to yourself, how impossible it is for me to read or write a single hour uninterruptedly with this cursed violin in my ears. If in the forenoon I go down to the parlour, there I find Clementina at her harpsichord, and totally occupied with her music, or else she is shut up in her chamber, in order that she may compose the air and words of a musical piece without being disturbed: my aunt, on her side, makes translations of novels; my uncle, buried in his study, meditates profoundly on antiquity. In the mean time I wander sadly about the house. At last we assemble to dine; the guests, all wits, arrive: literature is the subject of conversation: no one thinks of any thing but of shining; in these conversations it is in vain to look for variety, natural ease, or gaiety.

I know, beforehand, every thing that will be said, all the compliments they will pay each other, all the strokes of satire that will be levelled at the authors, whose success they envy.

On leaving the table, Ovid and I generally disappear in order to take a walk. While I am striving to escape the bel Esprit, I am pursued by science. I cannot tell, whether it be true, as it is pretended, that Ovid is the greatest botanist in Languedoc, but I can assure you, that most assuredly he is the most impetuous. Nothing can stop him: he climbs to the tops of trees, to come at a moss which tempts him; he clambers up mountains; he precipitates himself into marshes; and he drags me with him every whither. Yesterday he was near drowning me in a pond. The matter in agitation was to achieve a water-lily of the commonest kind, but which at a distance he mistook for the lotus of the ancients. Out of breath, covered with mud, harassed, exhausted, I come home to assist at lectures!—Fragments translated from the English, by my aunt, learned digressions by my uncle, verses by my cousin. Ovid, in his quality of botanist, has the happy right of going to sleep with impunity; but from me they exact an incessant attention. I must conquer sleep, stifle my yawns, hide my ennui—I must listen! This is what my aunt calls our little family meetings.

"Your uncle is really a profound scholar, and one may at least learn something in listening to him." My uncle doubtless is a very learned and very laborious scholar: but would you believe, that after forty years study, he has not the most distant notion, that the useful application of knowledge is to go for any thing? Every labour, that is carried on through the medium of an acquaintance with the classical languages appears to him admirable. Every work is valuable in his eyes, when all its pages are crowded with quotations in Greek and Latin. What an eulogium are these words from my uncle: this man is well acquainted with antiquity; as much as to say, this man is full of wit, taste, genius—what would be thought of an architect, who, on a foundation of stone and marble, would erect an edifice and reeds?—Such is the majority of our learned men; such especially is my uncle. What writings has he published! Reflections on the Tau of the Ægyptians; the object is to know whether this tau is, or is not, a Key,—a discourse on *aorasy;* that is to say, the invisibility attributed in fable to the Gods of paganism. A dissertation on Nectar and Ambrosia. Another on the statue of the gladiator, which according to

him, is not a gladiator, &c. It would seem as if, having handled so many weighty subjects, he thought, he had exhausted the most important things antiquity can offer; for lately he has condescended to fix on the middle ages. He read to us lately two treatises, the one on uncoined* money, the other on the Reginæ pedauci. "Reginæ pedauci! and pray, what people have they reigned over?" Ignorant fellow—not to know, that they are gothic statues, which represent females, with one foot in the form of a goose's foot? "Pray, where are such to be seen?" At the portal of some of our old churches. Much has been written to explain this odd whim, and my uncle after many sleepless nights, and much research, has declared loudly for those, who recognise in this figure Queen St. Clotilda. "Does he believe then, that St. Clotilda had goose's feet." He sees nothing in these feet but symbols of vigilance. "Poor Sainclair! In truth, after this picture of the family, I can conceive, your days do not pass away in the most agreeable manner—what? never any pleasant little conversations, no effusions of the heart?" Oh, I cannot complain of their want of feeling—they speak to me very candidly: but they are solely occupied with the desire of making a name, and the most intimate confidence in this case can only reveal the hopes, fears, and illusions of self-love. Still Clementina has an inclination for you; that I am sure of." I believe so too: but I have a very formidable rival. "Who, pray?" Versillac.

"A ridiculous pedant: a young man the most completely devoid of any agreeable qualities, the most tiresome." Aye, but he has borne off a prize for poetry at the floral games.

It was not without reason Sainclair dreaded a rival, who had just obtained the golden violet, for so many ages an object of the most lively emulation to all the young poets of Tolouse. Clementina did, in reality, love Sainclair: however literary glory was in her eyes of such value, that she thought the sacrifice of her inclinations and engagements for it, but a reasonable and noble act. Sainclair was amiable and virtuous; but she discovered in him so many inexcusable defects! He listened so coldly to the most charming productions! He had so little susceptibility of enthusiasm for poetry! Besides, what could one expect from a young man of two and twenty, who, with understanding and information, had not yet published a single page; while Versillac of the same age, had already collected *his works*, gathering together his madrigals, fables, enigmas, charades, and epistles, which had been dispersed in a variety of journals, particularly in the Muses' Almanack.

In fine, it was but too presumable that Sainclair, through his carelessness and sloth, would never become celebrated; thus Clementina, authorized by her parents to chuse a husband, was at bottom decided in favour of Versillac, and her mother, who did not like Sainclair, strengthened her daily in this resolve.

Sainclair, however, in despight of his penetration and his fears, preserved more hope, than he had manifested to his friend. Baron D'Elbach, when he had formerly sanctioned the mutual inclination of his daughter and nephew, had really told them, that they were not to consider themselves as irrevocably engaged, because he wished them to have sufficient time for the most serious reflections on the subject; but Clementina had made an avowal of her partiality to Sainclair, and he was as yet unacquainted with all the power of self love; a thing in which experience alone, can instruct the modest and the feeling. Sainclair determined to conceal from Clementina his inquietude and jealousy, persuaded, that the best way was to show an unlimited confidence and a perfect security.

While matters were going on thus, Sainclair's friend received a letter from Paris, which caused him much embarrassment, and which he hastened to communicate to Sainclair. In it he was informed, that solicitations had been made to obtain for him an honourable and lucrative situation;

* *Money unstamped*, as in old times it was bartered by weight. Bractea is a thin plate of metal.

and it was added, that this favour depended on a person in power, who was passionately addicted to literature, and that therefore it would not be granted to any but to him, who should obtain the prize proposed by the academy.

"Well," said Sainclair, "It is the eulogy of a great man: you must do it." "Are you ridiculing me?" replied Duval. "By no means. "I make an academical eulogium!"—"Why not? many who have not half your talent, have succeeded in this way; would you desire to distinguish yourself in it?" "How?" "Be natural and rational; you will appear with the advantage of novelty." "Unfortunately I possess no species of merit but that necessary to fill the office applied for. I shall never obtain it, for I am sensible I should make but a bad oratorial discourse." "Try it at least." "Will you then act the critic, and tell me the truth?" "You may rely on me."

This assurance decided Duval, who applied himself to his task with ardour, and at the end of three weeks, brought his work to Sainclair, declaring at the same time, that he himself thought it detestable. He was right in his opinion, and Sainclair did not take any pains to convince him of the contrary; but drawing a small manuscript from his portfolio, "my friend," said he to him, "I have on my side laboured on the same subject, and will you hear me in your turn?" At these words, opening his manuscript, he commenced and read for about half an hour, to the exquisite delight of Duval.

"I imagine," said Sainclair, "you easily guess, I have composed this only in the hope of its being useful; give me my reward by putting your name to it." Duval exclaimed against this proposal with all the warmth a just delicacy can inspire. "This species of deception," replied Sainclair, would be no doubt, most unworthy, if produced on the one side by a mercenary interestedness, and on the other by a puerile vanity. But all the gifts of friendship are honourable; vanity has nothing to do in this case; you have not the ambition of achieving the academic palm; you desire to obtain a place, which you could fill with honour, and which would put you in the rank of useful citizens. Do people ever scruple signing a memorial, when business requires it, because another has drawn up for them, what they had the capacity to do for themselves? The deception I propose is much more innocent, for you would not require the assistance of any one, if you were obliged to exhibit only the learning necessary for the proper discharge of the office, you are going to solicit. Whimsically enough no talents have been required in this case, but such as are entirely foreign from it. To satisfy this caprice then, is not deception, since you possess every reasonable requisite." "But how could I receive the praises, this work shall draw on me?" "Just in the same way, as all authors receive the compliments paid them, with embarrassment, and an endeavour to shorten them" "No, I cannot resolve to rob you of the fame, this work would give you." "My friend do not think that literary celebrity can be so easily acquired. To make a name, among so many estimable and brilliant ones, a first effort, however happy it may be, is not sufficient; one's life must be devoted to study; that is above my strength. My inclinations and character, render me absolutely incapable of it, so I shall never obtain a great reputation."

"But do you consider, that this single instance of success, would decide Clementina in your favour?"—"I never will marry a woman, who would give herself to me from vanity, if Clementina is capable of sacrificing one whom she has loved from her childhood, to her taste for fame, be assured, I shall not regret her."

Sainclair urged many more reasons, by which Duval was prevailed on to accept of the work, and to give it in as his own production. A few days after, Duval departed for Paris; he sent his historical eulogy to the academy, and received the prize with an unanimous voice. This success which made a great noise, made his fortune, he obtained the place, which his friends had so-

licited for him. Transported with joy, and with gratitude to his friend, he requested leave of absence for two months, in order to go to Thoulouse, and make him a sharer in his happiness. The day after his arrival at Thoulouse, the brother of Clementina told him in confidence, that his sister had entirely determined on marrying Versillac, and that she declared it continually. On hearing this, Duval thought it his duty to act unknown to his friend. A man who had just borne off the first prize, adjudged by the first academy in the kingdom, could not but be favourably heard. Clementina had conceived the highest esteem for him, she received him in her music room, and there Duval began by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy with respect to what he was going to say, adding, that he was particularly anxious, Sainclair should never know the avowal he was going to make.

This commencement surprized and agitated Clementina, she imagined Duval was proceeding to make a declaration of love, and calculating with rapidity, that celebrity acquired at Paris, is infinitely more glorious than the most brilliant provincial reputation, she already meditated confusedly a rupture with Versillac; when Duval declared without hesitation, that Sainclair was the true author of the discourse which had been crowned at Paris. "Now," continued he, "would you prefer a pedant without genius, to a modest, generous man, who possesses such talent?" At these words, Clementina remaining silent, seemed to reflect, then speaking in her turn, "Yes," said she, with a sigh, "I am not at all surprized, that Sainclair could conquer his sloth for friendship, he would not do so much for glory!"

"Have you not been charmed with the discourse though?" Oh! certainly; but no one will ever know who is the author of it."

These words discovered a depth of vanity that disgusted Duval, he got up, and taking an unceremonious leave of Clementina, he disappeared.

To be Continued.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IT has fallen in my way to remark the gross errors and confusion of Goldsmith's history of Greece, which however is the only book of the kind, adapted for boys; and I have it in view to compile a history for the use of schools, that should avoid the errors, &c. observable in the above. Before I would go far in such a work, which to me would be laborious, I would be glad you would make public the intention, that we might try to learn how such a thing would be received. Any information, you could gain on the subject would be gladly applied for, by your friend and servant. X.Y.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my observations on the nature of soils, &c. published in your September Magazine, there are some errors which I imagine must be in the press, as I think they are not in the manuscripts. I should not have troubled you *on this occasion*, only there is one in particular (which ought to be corrected in your errata) in page 180, column 1st. the 14th line from the top, for "eight" read *three*, and also the word "of" ought to be expunged in the 21st line of said column. There are other errors of minor importance particularly a misplaced stop at "silicious"; in the 7th line of said column, and the word "to" in the 2d column of said page, line 27th from the top ought to be *too*, but almost every person knows these last are typical errors. In the 44th line of the last mentioned column the word "trenches" has been substituted for the word French which is in the manuscript. French Sewers is the name universally adopted for closed sewers in this country, whether from their being first introduced from France into these kingdoms or not I cannot tell. Your's truly, J.D.

CHARTER OF BELFAST.

MAN on becoming a member of society was obliged to give up a